Cures Scrotula

Mrs. E. J. Rowell, Medford, Mass, says her mother has been sured of Scrofula by the use of four bettles of much other tre reduced to qui of health, as it was thought she could not live.

INHERITED SCROFULA.

Cured my little bey of heraditary Scrofola, which appeared all over his face. For a veri had given it has recovery, when finally I was use A few bottles no symptoms of main. Mas. T. L. Mathers, Matherville, Miss.

Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases smalled from Syring Concrete Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Amiable Husband (who has just finshed moving)-Where are my slippers,

Wife-They came along with the third load, and that load went to the

Husband-And where is my pipe? Wife-You'll find it in one of the barrels of crockery in the cellar. Husband-And where is my comb and

hair brush? Wife - Jane packed them in the kitchen stove with the children's shoes. Husband (mentally soliloquizing)-What a woman my wife is! She is the smartest woman in Harlem. She never went to college and yet she knows ev-

erything.-Texas Siftings. The Doctor on Bicycling. Patroness-You have frequently bieyeling for invalids, and yet you

pneumatic tire.

ence, I presume." the wheel back and forth to the re- the owner of them is decently buried pair shop will be most excellent exercise, madam."-Good News.

Chicago Bootbiack-See de old hulks wid de eye-glasses? Watch me fetch him. (Raising his voice.) Dazzling brilliancy imparted to pedal covertures for a reasonable pecuniary compensation while you linger!

The Old Hulks (from Boston)-Here, boy .- Chicago Tribune.

During a trial in New York a witness was being examined regarding a certain dinner of fried oysters, in which the defendant participated.

"Did the prisoner seize upon them with avidity?" inquired one of the counsel.

"No, sir," answered the witness, "he chucked them down into his esophagus from the end of a three-tined fork."-Texas Siftings.

Athletic Wife-"What a poorspirited creature you are! I wish you would be either a man or a mouse!" Meek Husband-"I wish I were a mouse-I'd frighten you out of your

WEAKNESS OF MEN Quickly, Thoroughly, Forever Cured

by a new perfected accentific method that cannot fail unless the case it beyond human aid. You feel improved the first day, feel a benealt every day; soon know yourself a long arong men in body, mind and her. Brake and losses ended. Every obstacle to happy married lift removed. Nerve force, will, energy, brain power, when failing or lost, are restored by this treatment. All small and weak purtions of the hoty enlarged and strengthened. Victims of abuses and excesses, receiping your manhoo! Silvers from folly, overvork, early errors, ill health, regain your vigor! Don't despir, even if in the last stares. Don't be disheartened if quecks have vobbed you. Let us show you that medical science and business honor still exist; here so band in sund. Write for our book with explanations and proofs. Sont scaled, free. Over 1,00 references.

ERIE MEDICAL GO., Buffalo, N.Y.

Job Wasn't in It.

"It is a great consolation at times." said the first sad-looking man slowly; read about the afflictions of other men. Misery loves company, and when one reads what others have endured it and Bland - who were spending a makes his own lot seem better." The second miserable-looking man shook his head.

"You haven't tried it," said the first.

"Well, you didn't get the right kind of literature, then. Of course you feel sorry for the people in history who had feet your case. You want to read about

"I have read of all his sufferings." "And didn't that make your own burdens feel lighter by comparisan?"

"Not a bit. He never had hay fever." -Chicago Post.

Cholly's Heroism. Cholly-Yans. I saved her life yes-

terday. Miss A. Really! Smith Cholly and she were crossing

B field, and a mad bull attacked them. Cholly ran and the bull followed the red stripes on his blazer.-Life.

Deserved Some Credit.

remarkable. Did you make it all up ing girl, said that she would pull up yourself? Bright Boy-No'm; it was in a book, but I bought the book with my own

Looking Better

feeling betterbetter in every-There's more consolation people stop to ponder. To get back flesh back flesh and spirits is everything.

money.-Good News.

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is prescribed by leading physicians everywhere for ailments that are causing rapid loss of flesh and vital strength.

Scott's Emulsion will do more than to stop a lingering Cough - it fortifies the system AGAINST coughs and colds. Prepared by Scott & Bonne, N. V. All druggies

MAUDE'S TENNIS COURT.

Fielding Tells the History of Calamitous Social Failure.

A Resume of the Season, Showing How Much Easier It Is to Avoid Trouble by Playing on Somebody Else's Court.

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QUININE HURST-BY-THE-POND, L. I. The chill of the coming winter begins to make itself felt. In the cities the first sign of the changing season has been noted by many observers. It is a coldness on the part of the agent when he is approached with questions as to the date when he will turn on the steam heat in his flats. Out here in the rural districts we know that golden summer has fled by the fact that we cannot get anything to eat. The thrifty dealer in human fodder now collects and disposes of those substances which were not consumed by the regular "summer people." For some weeks we have lived upon any old thing that happened to be lying around, and the farmer who supplied us from his dairy has skimmed the milk of human kindness.

Such being the state of the weather I think it is time to write the history of my wife's tennis court. She has been living here with our Uncle Henry's family since early in July, when it got too hot for people who owed any money to live in the city with their creditors. I went to Quininehurst at that stage of the game, and afterwards went further than that. Indeed, Maude and I have been sundered for a said that you do not recommend large part of the summer; and other circumstances, so she wrote me, have have just advised my son to get a been favorable for a quiet, enjoyable son. Among the circumstances Doctor-I told him to get one with a aforesaid were a couple of town lots lying adjacent to my Uncle Henry's "Oh, that sort of tire makes a differ- reservation. He has not agreed to buy them. Nobody in his senses could do "A very great difference. Carrying that. But he has promised to see that when he shall have shaken this immortal part-a cuphemism for dying in Quininehurst. This surmise gave Uncle Henry certain rights in the watching singles or doubles. Mr. Adland; and, as he had succeeded in passame over in the evening to ask if turing his cow where there was something to eat, he offered the town lots to Maude for a tennis court.

During my brief stay in Quininehurst I marked the necessary lines on the arid face of those town lots, and then I bought a net, a racket and some balls with money which I really needed for eigars.

"Never mind, Maude," said I, after this act of self-sacrifice, "you will get



THEY RISE AT EARLY DAWN.

then, in the fall, you will be strong enough to have a hired girl in the flat instead of doing your own work."

Uncle Henry's daughter Jennie plays tennis a little, but it's no fun for two women to play together because they never can remember how the game stands, and one says it is fortylove while the other declares it is duce. after which they quarrel and go into the house while the fresh air stays out doors and the exercise develops only the maxillary muscles. For the information of the unlearned I will state that the maxillary muscles operate the

Such being the case. Jennie sug-"it is a great consolation, I say, to gested, when the court had been laid out, that it would be a good plan to invite two young men, Messrs. Atkins month's vacation at a boarding house in Quininehurst-to come over and

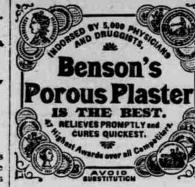
play tennis.
"We should be happy to have you use "I have tried it," returned the sec- our court whenever you wish," said Jennie to these gentlemen, and they accepted with alacrity.

When Maude learned of this she said it would be very nice, because doubles their heads cut off, but that doesn't af- at tennis were great fun, especially when there were men to chase the balls. The next morning Messrs. Atkins and Bland came over, and put out the net about nine o'clock. played nine sets of singles, and then went home to dinner. In the afternoon they played eleven sets. Mande and Jennie brought two chairs from the house and watched them play. Uncle Henry brought them a pail of water. Mr. Atkins said it was a pity there wasn't more shade on the court. Mr. Bland said that he didn't mind the sun very much, but he thought that a turf court ought either to grow grass or let it alone. Straggling bunches of verdure interfered with his play. Teacher-This little nursery poem is Jennie, who is a very polite and obligthe grass and see what could be done about the sun, wherent Mr. Bland seemed pleased and remarked that he and his friend would come again next

They did. In the seventh set Mr. Bland was so unfortunate as to break his racket. He borrowed Jennie's. It did not suit him very well, but he did the best he could. In the afternoon he seemed to get used to it, and by supper are going to be married, Jane, so I suptime he was one set ahead of Mr. At-

The next day Mr. Atkins sent his racket to the city to be restrang. He ter lead, I've decided never to marry, with it. However, when he returned it at supper time he assured Maude that he was not the man to bear a grudge. This was while Jennie was ner and broke into a run, leaving his

hunting for one of the balls. It was on the fifth day of the great in his hand. series between Messrs. Bland and Atkins that Maude remarked to Jennie softly to himself as he ran.-Chicago that tennis as an exercise was not so Tribune. invigorating as she had been led to expeet. Jennie replied that possibly if they got up early in the morning before Mr. Bland and Mr. Atkins were | Twilling in the same suit? astir they might get more benefit out of the game than they had hitherto se- ther I am economical. cured. They accordingly arose at six Briggs-I guess you have succeeded. o'clock the next morning; breakfasted He told me the other day you were the in the atmosphere of ill-temper which meanest man he ever saw.-Clothier shapads the earth at that early hour: and Furnisher.



and put out the net just as it began to

It rained so much that the court did not dry that day. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Adams called. They are young people whom Jennie knows very well, and she was delighted to find that they had come to Quininehurst for the summer. Naturally she the tennis court. They came over about ten o'clock the next forenoon. Mr. Bland and Mr. Atkins were already playing. Mr. Adams is a man of such ready tact that he could enter a burglar-proof safe with a can opener, and he succeeded in breaking into the game. Then Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Mr. Atkins and Mr. Bland played doubles till dinner time. After dinner they returned and played doubles till supper time. Jennie asked Maude, as they sat beside the evening lamp, whether



MR. ADAMS TAKES POSSESSION.

she thought there was more exercise in he could invite a couple of friends to tive and add to it a home-like luxury play tennis on the morrow. He was granted that privilege.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams and their friends arrived on the following morning just in time to freeze out Mr. Atkins and Mr. Bland. One of the friends borrowed Jennie's racket. The other would have borrowed Maude's, but Mr. Atkins had broken it. In this emergency, Mr. Adams borrowed a racket from a Mr. Stevens. As Mr. Stevens and his family had not been invited to play on Jennie's court, they regarded the borrowing of the racket as a piece of unparalleled impudence. They were therefore very much offended with Jennie, who had known nothing about it, and the Stevens' immediately gave a large party to which neither Jennie nor Maude was invited. Some of Jennie's friends suggested that Mr. Stevens should have taken offense at Mr. Adams, whereupon Mr. Adams wanted to know how he could have invited the Stevens' to play on somebody else's tennis court. As this question seemed to be unanswerable, the feeling against Jennie was intensified by it, and Mr. Stevens' brother-in-law got up a progressive tennis match for the express purpose of leaving Jennie and Mande out. Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Mr. Atkins and Mr. Bland practiced for this match on Jennie's court, and they kept it

busy from early morn till dewy eve. woods, who were among Jennie's was closely wrapped in impenetrable friends, invited her and Maude to play gray; but the third morning, as I on their court. It rained that day, but Jennie of course had to return the invitation. When the Rockwoods came over they found the Adamses and their friends playing on Jennie's court, and after waiting a couple of hours in the hot sun, the Rockwoods went of the snow-fields whose long fair home again, very much offended with Jennie.

Up to this point Maude's parration of the events of the summer is tolerably clear, but beyond it, we find a vast and complicated tangle of social differences which no human intellect can comprehend. It appears that



THEY PLAYED SINGLES ALL DAY. everybody who has played on that court is offended, and that everybody who has not played upon it is even more bitter. Among those who have not played there at all are Jennie and They have quarreled with all Maude. those who have, and with most of those who have not, including each other. I judge, from their narration of the facts. that it is easier to be president of a South American republic than to run a tennis court. The only person who really seems to understand the subject is Uncle Henry. He says that he will plow up the court next spring and plant potatoes in it.

HOWARD FIELDING.

She Has Left Now, Anyway. Mrs. Nagger (to servant)-I hear you

pose you will want to leave? Servant-No, muin, I've broken it off. After seeing the life that you and masmum!-Vogue.

Totally Depraved.

The confidence man turned the cortaking in the net and Uncle Henry was trusting victim standing screnely in front of the hotel with a bogus check

"The gull I left behind me!" he said

A Great Success.

Briggs-Do you always call on Miss Griggs-Yes: I want to show her fa-

HOSPITALITY OVERDONE.

But Why Should the Guest Chamber Have So Formal an Air? We Americans are proud, and justly so, of our reputation for hospitality, but there is sometimes too much of the good thing, and we are often tempted

into an exaggeration of this virtue In many well-meaning hostesses there seems to exist a fear that their guests may find some stray moments during the day for which no entertainment has been provided. The unfortunate guests are kept busy every minute "being en-tertained" until physically and mentally they are exhausted.

Not a few people object to making visits, and simply for the reason that they are never left to themselves, never have any time to occupy as they

English hostesses are much more sensible in this respect. In England a guest in a country house has a good part of the day to dispose of as he or she may fancy; and as a result a pleasinvited them to partake of the joys of ant, homelike feeling much to be desired pervades the atmosphere of the

Neither host nor hostess appears to be laboring to provide perpetual entertainment for their guests, and the latter have plenty of time to write their letters, read their books and enjoy like peaceful amusements. In a town house a masculine visitor

receives a night key as a pleasant intimation he is to go and come as he But, English or American, why is it that a spere room has always such a

stiff and formal air? The few pictures that generally adorn its walls are hung with painful regularity, set pieces of brie-a-brae pose in solemn state upon the mantel and often the only intellectual provision made for the occupant consists

of an old magazine or two. A few more pictures hung in a less conventional way, a half-dozen photographs scattered here and there, a little bookcase, containing a score or more of volumes suitable for filling an occasional spare hour: a sofa with two or three tempting pillows-these are not much, but yet sufficient to make the spare room so much more attrac--N. Y. Tribune.

NEAR MOUNT ETNA.

The Weather in the Vicinity of Sicily's

Great Volcano. The very rain is strange; it is charged with obscure personality; it is the habitation of a new presence, a stormgenius that I have never known; it is born of Etna, whence all things here have being and draw nourishment. It is not rain, but the rain-cloud, spread out over the valleys, the precipices, the sounding beaches, the ocean-plain; it is not a storm, but a season. It does not rise with the moist Hyades, or ride with cloudy Orion in the Mediterranean night; it does not pass like Atlantic tempests on great world-currents; it remains. Its home is upon Etna: hence it comes and thither it returns; it gath ers and disperses, lightens and dark ens, blows and is silent, and though it suffer the clear north wind, or the west, to divide its veils with Heaven. again it draws the folds together about its abode. It obeys only Etna, who sends it forth; then with clouds and thick darkness the mountain hides its face: it is the Sicilian winter.

But Etna does not withdraw continuously from its children even in this sea On the third day, at farthest, ! was told it would bring back the sun It was not long after this the Rock- and I was not deceived. Two days it threw open my casement and stepped out upon the terrace, I saw it, like my native winter, expanding its broad flanks under the double radiance of dazzling clouds spreading from its exdrifts shone far down the sides. lages and groves were visible, clothing all the lower zone, and between lay the plain. It seemed near in that air, but it is twelve miles away. From the sca-dipping base to the white cone the slope measures more than twenty miles, and as many more conduct the eye downward to the western fringea vast bulk; yet one does not think of its size as he gazes, so large a tract the eve takes in, but no more realizes than it does the distance of the stars .-George E. Woodberry, in Century.

A Misunderstanding.

A hard citizen who had been sent to the island a number of times was up again before Judge Duffy one day last reek. After imposing another sentence the little judge said: "This will be, I hope, the last time

I'll have to punish you. "What! Is your honor going to re sign?"-Texas Siftings.

An Unreasonable Complaint. Young Husband-I'm just about dead, putting down this carpet. Wife-The carnet is not heavy.

"No. but I have to work in such a cramped position. "Nonsense. Just imagine you are on your bleyele.-N. Y. Weekly.

Long Hours Stranger-Does your father live here. little girl?

Little Girl-No. sir. Mamma and I lives here. Papa lives in a street-car. He's a conductor.-Good News. -The old courthouse in Cadiz. O., is

being torn down to give place to a larger and more convenient structure. The building was erected in 1816, and many old-time eloquent lawyers have pleaded their cases within its walls But do death sentence has ever been pronounced from its bench during all the long years of its use.

A Reconciliation (7)

Mr. Younghusband (home late)-Forgive me, Gertrude, this once, and never, again will I do anything to bring tears to those bright eyes. Mrs. Younghusband (sobbing)-Yes, dear; I forgive you. Often I think that perhaps I expect too much of you, a man with your surroundings and temptations; and look at the way you were dragged up!-Judge.

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ATLANTA, GA.

SMOOTHING THE WAY.

He Arranged Matters for One Happy Couple. A beaming young couple, with hapthem, walked lightly out of the or

piness marked out in town lots all over phans' court office after securing the documents necessary before the ceremony that would complete their earthly happiness could be performed. As the young doves descended the broad. marble steps of the building a short, puffy, bald-headed individual who was passing stepped up to them and said: "Well, my young friends, if I am not much mistaken you are about to enter into the holy bonds of matri-

The young girl blushed, the young man smiled confusedly, but neither

"Well, if you have received the con- Blank Books. sent of your parents, and there is no other objection to the match, you have a perfect right," volunteered the puffy man, condescendingly. "But before you do it I want to give a little ad-

Neither the young man nor the young lady ventured a remark, but both

evinced a desire to get away. "Wait a bit now, said puff, mopping his bald-headed brow. "I speak from experience. If I had had some kind individual to post me before I took the step perhaps I would have had some hair up here." And he placed his hand sadly upon his shining pate.

"How do you two stand upon the drink question "
"Together," responded the young man, who now felt disposed to humor

"Good! She is willing to allow you an occasional drink, eh? That's where I fell off first. And about smoking?" "I can smoke as much as I like," re-

plied the young groom. "Lucky man! Mine rounded me up on that the second day. Belong to any lodges?"

"Two nights a week off for lodges" replied the young man. "That's a liberal arrangement. Oh. what scraps I would have avoided had I only had a friend to go over these things with me. Now, as to cooking; will she be able to do it as well as your mother?"

"We won't quarrel over that. I've lived in a boarding-house for the last

ten years.' "Ah, ha! My young friends, your Abstracts. cup of happiness is filled to overflowing. I made a remark about my mother's cooking the first week, andwell, just about that time my hair began to come out. Now, where are you going to live?"

"Going to keep house alone right away after the wedding," responded the young man. "Great heavens! Married, and to live without a mother-in-law! Young man.

you have struck it rich. Young people, you have my blessing!" "Thank you," murmured the couple. And the puffy, bald-headed man moved off, feeling happy in the consciousness that he had smoothed the way for at least one happy marriage.

-Philadelphia North American. Mr. Uppercrust (to his son)-I say,

Charles, why don't you wear your dress Charles-Not much. The last time I wore my dress suit at a party a young lady offered me to bring her a cup of coffee and be quick about it .- Texas

Siftings. In the Old Days. Belle-I was supremely happy the

day I was sixteen. Blanche-No doubt. I've always insisted that the last generation enjoyed themselves much more than the pres-

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

ent .- N. Y. Sun.

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